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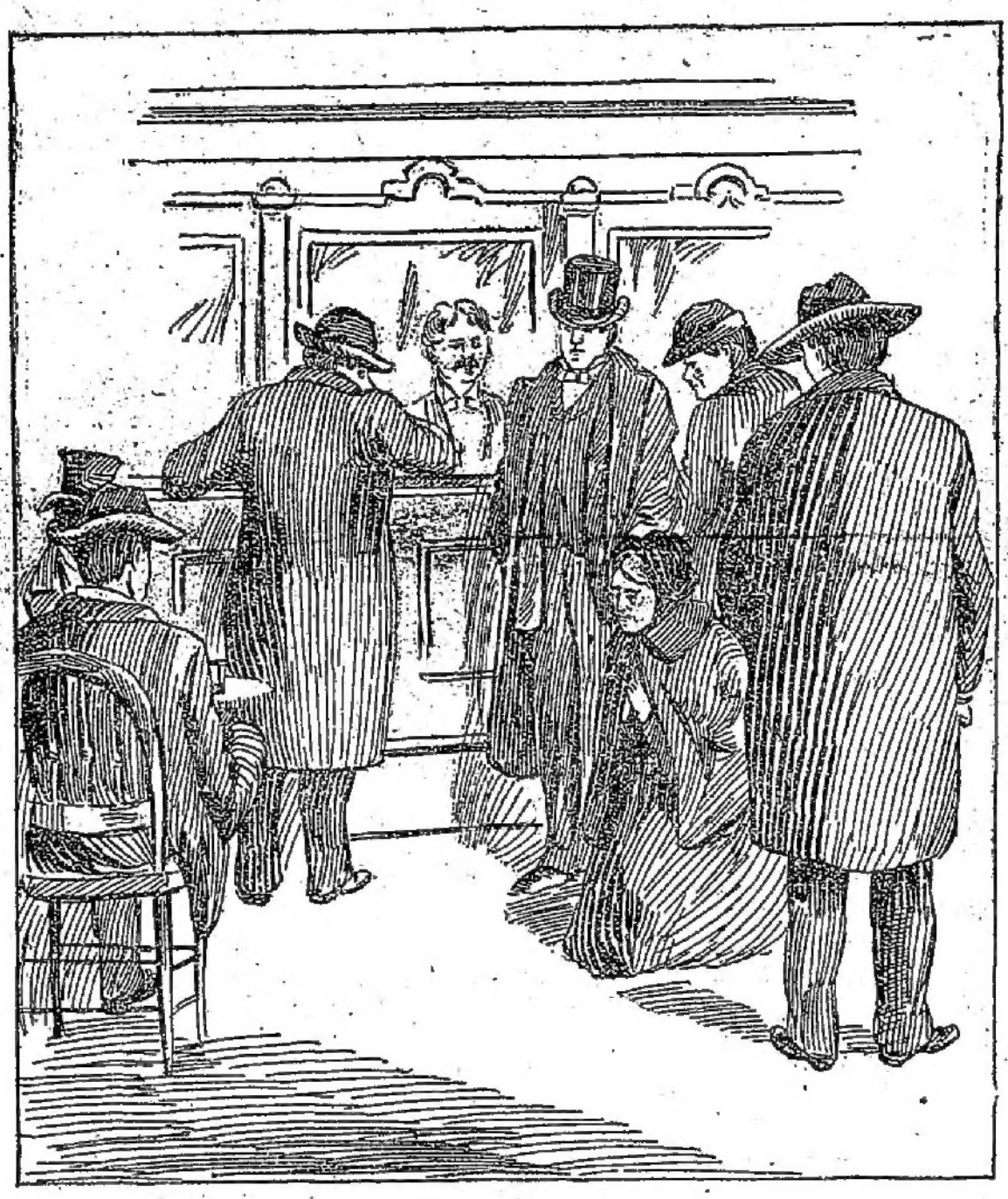
A Woman's Prayer.

Across the snow-clad field she went,
Her form beneath her burden bent;
Her shrinking steps despised the way
That to the haunt of demons lay,
The path whose end she knew too well—
The path whose steps take hold on hell.

She gained the door, she entered in;
The air was like the breath of sin;
She stod a moment silently,
Then silently she knelt and prayed;
They looked upon her, and, dismayed,
They felt the prayer they did not hear,
And trembled with a nameless fear.

At length, one day, as the door she swung,
He met her, and asked with faltering tongue,
How long she intended to come and pray,
'As long as you sell,' He turned away
To hide from her his burning cheek,

To gather the voice with which to speak.
'Then I surrender! I cannot bear
This awful spell of a woman's prayer!'
So the den was closed, and bells were rung
And shouts leaped forth, and songs were sung;
And like rushing flames the tidings flew,
Of what a woman's prayer could do!



She only prayed and turned away,
And took the path that homeward lay,
While in her inmost soul she felt,
That God spake to her while she knelt.

Next day she went and knelt the same;
Without a word she went and came,
And day by day, with tearful face,
And silent lips, she sought the place,
And poured the anguish of her prayer,
Before the Lord, and left it there.

They watched for her; and when she came,
They crept away, with guilty shame;
And all day long, and all the night,
Asleep, awake, by dark or light,
That woman with the silvery hair,
Just as she bowed in silent prayer,
Haunted the man who kept the den,
Where demons were made of the hearts of men.

Then out of heaven there came a word,
And it filled and thrilled the hearts that heard;
'This work has waited a hundred years
For woman's prayer and woman's tears.'
—'Christian Safeguard.'

Responsibility and Rewards.

Many young people are quite right in the opinion that they are not fitted to be preachers, evangelists, or even efficient 'workers' in revival meetings. Why not turn to this quieter ministry that goes on from month to month and year to year, with renewed enthusiasm and determination to put more conscience into the work? Why should not those who have been appealed to in vain by the superintendent for help appreciate the dignity of the position, prepare honestly, and teach with all the wits God has given them? —'Standard.'

Why Worry?

By Rev. Andrew Murray.

The first thing I say to mothers is this: My beloved sisters, what you do in your house and with your children depends entirely upon what you are.

My beloved mother died at the age of eighty. She was sixteen years old when she married, and my father, who was a tender, godly man, trained her himself. God gave a wonderful blessing on all the family. Some died, but of the twelve who grew up all were Christians—five ministers, and four sisters married to ministers.

There was a missionary's wife who always wished to have my mother go to the mothers' meeting. She said to my mother—'Do tell us, how did you educate your children?'

My mother, in her simplicity, said, 'I did nothing.'

It is not when we are making systems of things, laying down and trying to keep rules, that we are working most successfully. Things grow best when they grow naturally. Plant a little cabbage, the cabbage comes naturally; plant an acorn, the oak comes naturally. It is a blessed thing, in the Christian life, to be brought to that great restfulness and simplicity of casting our burden upon the Lord God, feeling the first thing is, I must be right with God. If God were to use me to help one mother, anxious about herself and children, with the worries of life fretting her; if God help one to give up her mother heart, her mother life and mother duty, into the arms of the blessed Lord Jesus; help her to go away saying, 'The Lord Jesus has come into my heart, and in his name and strength I am going to live in my family,' this meeting would be richly rewarded. And our God is willing to do it, not only for one, but for all. Jesus is willing to say, 'I will take all the responsibility of those dear children you are so anxious about.'

One more of the things which often trouble mothers is the wear and tear of life. A mother once said to me—

'Oh, Mr. Murray, I am not so long married, and look at these eight little children! It is hard to be a Christian and live in the full joy of the Lord. When I awake in the morning baby is already awake, then the others. Then there is the farm to attend to—it is often mid-day till I get a moment's quiet. Then the nerves go.'

In Scotland, I suppose, you have nerves, too, that get strung on the wrong side. What we want is to get insight into the perfect restfulness Jesus can give us. The chief difficulty is not that we don't trust Jesus and pray to him—you all do that; but one of the great difficulties of life is the circumstances, the wear and tear of life. We get irritated, and then hopeless; then a cloud comes. We have felt—Ah, if my heart and life were filled with the peace and joy of the Holy Ghost, my conduct would be different, would be better.

One lesson about these difficult circumstances. Whenever difficulties come—perhaps from husbands (we unfortunate hus-

bands have all got a twist), servants, children—always remember, I must not try to get things right round about me, but must try to be right myself.

Here is one of the secrets of the Christian life. . . . A bad servant, a naughty child, a worrying husband—these things are the will of God to you. It is not the will of God that they should do the naughtiness, but it is the will of God that you should be in that trial. Only when a Christian has learnt to accept all as the will of God, dear mothers, can he get a peace nothing can take away.

Look at Joseph, sold by his brethren.

In that he saw the will of God. Look what Jesus endured from Judas, Pilate, and Peter. Each was doing something very wicked, but Jesus accepted the will of God in all; that was how he could bear it. Any trouble in housekeeping, any trouble with husband or friends, you must learn to accept as the will of God. If your heart only opens up to see that! If not, with every trouble that comes you get worried, and say a word not full of the love of God, that breaks your power, and the children get influenced in a way you never know. Half the trouble in a Christian life comes not from sins and temptations outside, but from the way we treat the sins and wrongs of others. We cannot live the true Christian life until we learn in everything to welcome God. Is God in everything? Can anything come for a moment between God and me? No, not if I recognise God in everything. That servant who breaks a valuable piece of china, that child who has spoiled a lovely table-cover, how often it brings up a momentary worry! But that was God's will for me, and that is the blessing we want to leave you at this convention; to get God so around you, to get your eyes so opened to see God all around you, to get your will so into the will of God, that nothing can separate you from the will of God.

I would ask the question Is this not part of the trouble of your Christian life? If you are to say, Yes, those worries do affect me, cause impatient words, disturb the deep peace of soul promised in God's precious word, bring me under deep conviction that I have not got the keeping power of Jesus as my own, do not think that these worries are not important things; they are of the most importance. The only cure is: I am going to see, going to meet my God in every trouble that comes, the greatest and the least. You have learnt it about great troubles. You have learnt to say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.' Though you say it with a weeping, bleeding heart, you would still say, 'It is his will.'

But it is the little troubles that are God's will as much as the great ones.

All troubles and difficulties may become blessings because messengers from our Father. In Africa a wife thinks of her husband who is far away. She is longing for tidings. A month passes without tidings. One day there comes an ugly black Kaffir, with savage face: she is frightened and runs into the house. But he follows, and hands her something wrapped in a dirty rag, or a piece of skin, as is their custom. She is afraid to take it, but on opening it she finds a message from her husband. She forgets all the ugliness of the bearer in the joy. The Kaffir goes away. Another month passes, and there are no tidings. The first time she was frightened at the ugly Kaffir, but now she longs for him. He comes. He is as black, as savage as at first, but he is the bearer of a loving message from her husband, and she has learnt to welcome him because he brings a blessing.

Have you ever learnt to say, 'I will meet every little trouble in my house as a loving message from Jesus,' who says, 'My child, I want to see if you will be perfectly patient, perfectly gentle?' I am going, in every trouble and difficulty, to say, 'This is now my Lord Jesus come to bless me, and he never comes to try me without coming himself before all the troubles.'

You often say, 'We go to God's word to find his will.' Yes, but I want you also to find God's will in every little trouble of daily life. And you can have fellowship with God every day with the bible shut, if you meet every temptation and difficulty with that blessed faith—It is God! Realize in this or that difficulty, with this naughty servant, disobedient child, this careless mother—It is God has brought me into this. God has brought me into it, and I will say two things—(1) Father, thou hast brought me in; give me grace to know how to behave in the trial. He will give grace in due time to bring me out. So I will meet him in every trouble with the words—Trust him. 'Praise the Lord, here thou art.' Old and young men and women, learn the lesson to-day, your greatest temptations are just the little things of daily life that worry you, disturb your peace, render it impossible to keep up an abiding fellowship with Jesus, make a cloud for a time that you don't know how to get rid of, and so darkness comes. Let me learn the lesson in everything that may make me lose my temper, that may worry me—I am going to say, by God's grace, it is God who sends; it is through him I am brought into this trouble; I can count on him to keep me while I am in it, and then to bring me out.

(2) If he brings me in he will bring me out in his good time. But don't let that be the first question: rather, How am I in this trouble to glorify God, to behave as one guided by Jesus? I feel so deeply in the Christian life that this worry is a continual cause of failure and I know many a mother is sorely troubled about it.

To those whose children are young, oh, let me say, by all that is precious in those souls, or tender in your love to them, or precious in the covenant of God, mothers, do live consecrated, holy lives; that is what God wants. It will be a fountain of blessing to your children. Educate every child for God. It is a great thing to know what I am educating a child for. You sometimes have a father who says, 'I am educating my child to be an engineer.' From youth up he lets that child play with machinery. Let every parent say, I am educating my child for God; and pray God for grace to have the faith. We live in a world full of temptation. The spirit of the world comes into the church. Godly parents have often to hold intercourse with relatives, neighbors, in whom is the worldly spirit. It is difficult to keep the children separate. Jesus said, 'They are not of the world, as I am not of the world.' He came and lived a heavenly life upon earth, and trained his disciples for heaven. And how can you train your children for him, unless you come day by day fresh out of heaven?

The question sometimes comes up about giving children missionary work. Some are seeking the consecration blessing, whose heart is not clear about letting some dear boy or girl go for Christ. But Christian parents are coming to count no honor higher than giving their children for Christ.

I come to plead with every mother, Give up your child absolutely for Christ; he will never hurt your child. We cannot play with consecration; Christ must have all. I am going to speak it out in prayer. It may be your only child. But you heard last night, Jesus must have all. Have you let him take all? Let every child be yielded up to the blessed Master, to be trained for him. You rejoice when your child gets a high appointment in India; you would do anything to obtain that; you do not talk of the sacrifice then. Shall we talk of sacrifice in the service of Jesus? God forbid. Let it be a joy and glory to say, 'Jesus, every child is thine for ever.'

Everything depends upon what you are. My dear mother said, 'I did nothing.' She lived and did from hour to hour what she thought was right, and the blessing of God did all.

Give up your life to Jesus, and the immortal spirits entrusted to you. Say, Jesus, I can never educate those children unless thou comest nearer than ever before. He will. Jesus Christ gives all; he will give himself to be your life; he will take complete possession of every care and duty. Give all to him. Let it go absolutely, and he will be absolutely yours. Oh, train your children for him.

Dear mother, it is not what you do, what you think about the theory of education, but, above all, the quiet influence that goes out from a mother every day and hour. How is that influence to come? By separation. It means real, separated lives. When Samson was to be born, not only he himself, but his mother too, was to be a Nazarite; she was to keep from the fruit of the vine.

Unknown Riches.

That great, heavy, nailed-up box had stood in a corner of the dark cellar for many a year. Every one was so used to seeing it lying there that no one took any pains to find out what was in it. If its contents were ever thought of at all, it was as lumber, hastily packed, when in time of blinding sorrow a change of home had become necessary long ago.

There lay the box year after year, seldom moved because so heavy.

One day, during that time generally more or less dreaded by all conscientious households — the time of house cleaning — a member of the family said to the cook, 'When you do the cellar just find out what is inside that big box, then let me know, and I will come and see about it.'

Cook was young. Anything out of the common run of work was pleasant to her, so information concerning the contents of that box was soon forthcoming.

'Please, ma'am,' said she, 'it's full of plates and dishes packed in straw. I've spread them all out on the cellar floor.'

Her mistress followed her in surprise. There, on the stone floor of the cellar lay an ample dinner service of a good old-fashioned pattern. Slowly stole back into her mind the recollection that the crockery had been bought just before that time of trouble twenty years ago. Then it had been stowed away and quite forgotten.

'And we have been making do cracked, odd plates and dishes all these years,' thought she, 'just because, though this service was in the house, we never knew it. It had been laid by and forgotten. I wonder what other "unknown riches" we possess, but might as well not have — unused because unknown!

'I fear this is how we often treat the gracious provisions of our God. We put off examining them, and finally forget them, till it is as though we had them not.'

Happy the soul that turns such thoughts as these into definite prayer, that they pass not away as thoughts only, but become something realized in the life. Lord, quicken my heart, that I may remember and search out; open mine eyes that I may enjoy the riches so freely given by thee. — 'Friendly Greetings.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

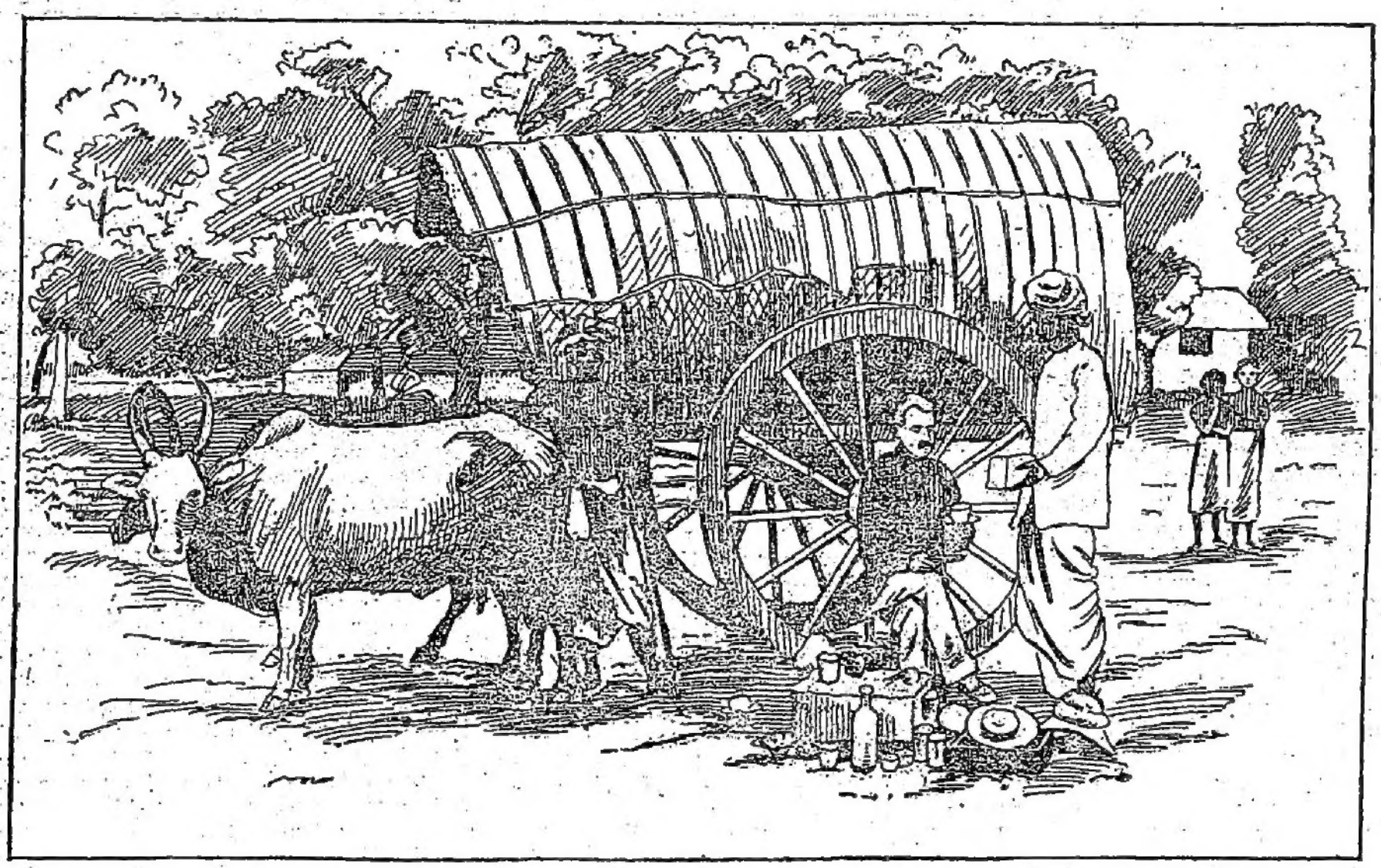
The Bullock Cart in South India.

Dr. Fells, of the South Travancore Medical Mission, tells, in a recent 'Missionary Chronicle,' of the use of the bullock cart in medical work.

'We get our bullock carts packed for a fortnight's run round the out-stations, and a mattress stretched in the bottom of our springless cart, we start off at sunset, and, journeying to the north, we reach Colasagaram at dawn. The dispensary here was formerly a salt store, which the government generously handed over to Mr. Thompson in 1881. It is at the foot of one of the squares of Western Ghauts in a district where malarial fever and dysentery are constant and terrible scourges. A crowd of patients is gathered, for the usual attendance is doubled or trebled when the English doctor is known to be coming. First we have the brief, bright service with all, and then one by one the sick are examined, and in many cases a glance is sufficient to show that the unhealthiness of the place and a wretchedly poor diet have worked together to bring about disease and ruin. Some need surgical attendance, and are told to wait on till the rest are seen; some need daily care and watching, and are admitted as in-patients, for we have two rooms in the old store that serve as wards; whilst one or two are so seriously ill that we advise them to go to Neyoor, and promise them every attention in the larger hospital there. So the day wears on, till at last, all are seen, and after a careful look round the buildings and equipments, and a note of any special needs, we say good-bye to the medical evangelist, and hurry on to pay our next visit. A pleasant ride of five or six miles between paddy-fields fringed with cocoanut and areca palms and through the river brings us to Attoor, one of the first out-stations established by Dr. Lowe. The work here is supported by the Invalids' Auxiliary, and thanks to the help of these friends, a capital work is being done, the monthly attendance of old and new patients varying from 700 to 900. Our next halt is at Martandam, an important centre on the main road to the capital. Here we find a well-built hospital, raised largely through the help of neighboring friends. The two wards are full, and the medical evangelist tells me he needs more room, though the hospital was only completed last year.

Six or seven miles further on we leave the main road, and turning northwards, in an hour or two's time we come in sight of an imposing stone building standing on the top of a hill. This is the new Ravennacheri Hospital, now almost ready to be opened. Hitherto the medical work has been carried on in the vestry of the neighboring chapel at Palugal, but the needs of the district are great, and so the new hospital has been built to meet them. Surrounding friends have given most of the timber necessary, and thus saved the mission much expense. The view from the hospital verandah commands a wide area of undulating, thickly-wooded land, backed by the mountains, and for the whole of this track of country, steeped as it is with malaria, Ravennacheri Hospital is the nearest help. Now comes a wild and beautiful but dangerous, part of our tour. There may be wild beasts about, but it is not these we dread, but the attacks of the more insidious enemy, malaria. By jungle and forest roads, and across rivers we travel in a north-westerly direction, along the foot of the Ghauts, till we come to Parutipalli. Here we seem to be in the heart of the jungle, and the mountains stand on two sides of us, yet the neighborhood is by no means destitute of population. In all the marshy hollows there are stretches of paddy-lands, and, where there are paddy-lands, owners and laborers will not be far away. If the visit be on a Sunday you will see the large chapel fairly filled with a congregation of Christians—many of them converts from the most ignorant and neglected castes — men and women who have been mere serfs to their richer neighbors, but who, now, under the guidance of the mission, are slowly learning that they are free men dependent only upon God. Our medical work is carried on in a very poor building here, mere mud walls and grass thatch, but a good work is being done, and it is thoroughly appreciated by the fever-stricken population.

Turning southward, and leaving our mountains, we come within sound of the sea; for on the western coast the sea can often be heard long before it can be seen. Reaching Nellikakuri, we find a large crowd of patients gathered in a building, very kindly lent us for a dispensary by one of our native friends. Not far down the road, half hidden in the ground, there lies a foundation, pathetically waiting for its superstructure. The first stone was laid two and a half years ago, but lack of funds has compelled us to halt. Repeated droughts have hindered the people from helping us, but now plentiful rains have fallen, and we hope the local friends will soon be able to render their promised aid. Meanwhile good work is being done in the borrowed dispensary. It will take a long day to see all the patients, but we must press on. Hurrying through Trivandram, the capital, we change our bullock cart for a boat, which the boatmen propel with bamboo poles, and soon are gliding over the smooth surface of canal and lake.



TRAVELLING IN A BULLOCK CART.

The work is great, difficulties constantly beset it, temptations to wander to this side or that. Brethren — sisters — pray for us —pray that to all strength and wisdom may be given to follow worthily in the glorious ideal of him who went about doing good.

The smoking-cars are to be withdrawn from the street railways in Philadelphia. Women complained that the reservation of cars for men was a discrimination against them which often caused vexatious delays. Men joined in the crusade, and the final blow was struck by the board of health's determination to enforce the regulations against expectorating in the street cars. It is time now to inquire about the men who occupy two seats on railway trains, one in a smoker and one in a coach.—'Union Signal.'

Props and Pillars Demolished.

(A stirring experience of an evangelist.)

By Rev. George C. Needham.

During one of my evangelistic tours in Ireland I had a very unusual experience. The place of appointment was in an Orange lodge, twelve miles from the railway station. After the long drive in a jaunting-car I found myself physically and mentally disabled. I was overworked, and did not know it until the collapse came suddenly.

When I reached the platform and faced that packed congregation, to whom I was a perfect stranger, brain and heart gave way. I did not faint nor fall, but kept on my feet by leaning against the desk.

After the opening hymn, I said something like this: 'Dear friends, I cannot speak to you to-night. I am utterly prostrated. I cannot think. Why God permitted me to come here and be humiliated before you I do not know. He knows, and I can trust him. I will read a few passages from his word, and you will go on with the meeting. I will read first what God declares about sin, and what he testifies concerning salvation. Let us expect the power of the Holy Spirit to make his word effective.'

With faltering voice, and body trembling with weakness, I read these scriptures on sin:—

Rom. 3: 9-11—'What, then? are we better than they? No, in no wise for we have before proved both Jews and Gentiles, that they are all under sin; as it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one: there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God.'

Rom. 3: 19-20:—'Now we know that what things, soever, the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law; that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God. Therefore, by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight; for by the law is the knowledge of sin.'

Gal. 3: 10, 11:—'For as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse: for it is written, Cursed is everyone that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them. But that no man is justified by the law in the sight of God, it is evident; for, the just shall live by faith.'

The following I read on salvation:

Rom. 5: 6: — 'For, when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.'

Gal. 3: 13: — 'Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, Cursed is everyone that hangeth on a tree.'

Isa. 53: 4-6:—'Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgression, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him: and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all.'

Acts 16: 30, 31:—'And brought them out, and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.'

John 3: 16:—'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

1 Tim. 1: 15:—'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am the chief.'

After reading these magnificent texts I sat down. A deep hush was upon us. I felt enveloped with a strange power which made me insensible to physical weariness. My soul rested in God. Jesus was very real and precious.

There were moments of silence while a potent spell held the people. A solemn awe fell upon them which subdued every soul.

Then, suddenly, a piercing scream broke the stillness, while a young lady stood up reaching both hands heavenward. Some one whispered, 'Water!' Another cried, 'Fresh air!' but she held them in check with the reply: 'No, no. I want Jesus.'

Immediately a groan was heard as a strong man fell prone in the aisle, and then another, and yet another. Possibly one hundred men and women were now weeping, praying, and confessing their sins.

A sweet calm pervaded my whole being; I was not a stranger to such manifestations of the Holy Spirit. And, leaving the people to his oversight, I slipped out by a side door.

While walking over the field to the public road where my carriage awaited me, I heard footsteps behind me. Looking backward, I saw, by the light of a full moon, an elderly man on my track. He soon overtook me, and after customary salutations I inquired whether he had been at the meeting, to which he vigorously replied: 'Yes, sir, and I found it good to be there. I can truly say it was a blessed service for me.'

Then followed this conversation.

'I hope you have peace with God, and that you are a saved man.'

'Blessed be God, I can indeed say that I have peace with God through my Lord Jesus Christ. Praise be to his holy name.'

'Glory be to his name indeed, for his great love wherewith he loved us. It is cheering to meet with fellow-travellers to the heavenly city. I suppose you have been for many years a child of God.'

'For many years it was my hope that I would become one of God's children, but now it is more than a hope. I know whom I have believed, and can look up to-night and say 'Abba, Father." Here the old man looked twards the full-orbed moon, while the tears rolled down his cheeks.

After a moment of silence he thus soliloquized, apparently unconscious of my presence: 'Yes, yes, bless the good Lord, I know it now!' I know it! I am saved! To him be all the glory. He led me to trust in him alone as my saviour. I cannot deny his finished work. I do believe him when he said, "It is finished." Oh, my Jesus ——." The venerable man was now overcome with emotion.

We stood in silence a few minutes, when he dried his tears, and with a steady voice said: 'I will tell you all, sir. For forty years I have been clerk of the church (Episcopalian) in this parish. I believed Jesus Christ was the only saviour for guilty sinners, and that he died to save us; yet I supposed that was not sufficient for my salvation. I must do something to save myself. I held many discussions with preachers and laymen, always arguing that every sinner must do his part, that he must try to make himself worthy, and have some merit to offer; then he could get some benefit from the Saviour. I had been erecting pillars and props for many years, out of my virtues and character, to lift my soul towards God. I read prayers and responses in the church, with, as I thought, a good heart. I harmed no man. I abstained from dissipations, and supposed myself to be a more highly moral man than our rector. My motto was "God helps those who help themselves." During these years I was a Pharisee. I did not know, indeed, that I was a ruined and guilty man; a poor, deceived, religious sinner, going down to the lake of fire. But it is all clear to me now. Oh, sir, the words you read to-night out of the blessed bible convicted me. That message came as a great sledge-hammer, breaking to pieces my props and pillars of many years' building, and a little while since, in yonder lodge, I dropped into the arms of the Lord Jesus just as I was. I understood then, that a sinner is not justified by his works; that only by grace we are saved. I can see now how the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sin; that not by any merit of mine am I made meet for the kingdom. Nor do I fear the judgment day now, because he said, 'Whosoever believeth in me shall not perish, but have everlasting life.' 'My hope now,' added this young-old convert, 'is that I may be the means of leading other deluded souls to the almighty saviour.' — 'Golden Rule.'

Narbeth, Penn.

A Cheerful Money-Raising.

My Dear Miss ——: You asked me to tell you about our cheerful little money-raising the other day, and I am not slow to respond, as our experience may help some other bodies.

For a year or two past, our pledge to the Woman's Board has not collected itself easily. We had pledged some hundreds and a fraction. The hundreds came easily by canvassing; but the fraction, a large one, caused us anxiety, and finally anguish of spirit, as fractions always did of old.

Last year we essayed an entertainment. A sober, respectable little affair it was, such as became the middle-aged ladies who largely compose our auxiliary. Instead, however, of entering into it with fire and zeal, as is the wont of our Young Ladies' Auxiliary, we took up the burden with a sigh, and carried it with painstaking heaviness. Somehow it didn't kindle a great deal of enthusiasm in our cause, and the proceeds failed to cover the whole amount of our deficiency.

This year our annual meeting approached again, and we began to see the not unfamiliar cloud over the face of our treasurer. 'We are behind again,' she said; and the president and vice-president looked into each other's faces for light, and found none. Finally, one gloomy morning in November, when days seemed dark and friends few, our president said, 'We shall have to let our balance go by default. We cannot make it up.' 'Never!' cried the vice-president, righteously indignant; 'we will do something. Let us have a supper and call it a banquet.' 'Might call it a court reception,' suggested another officer, drily. 'No; but we will really have a nice, dainty supper, with pretty china, and toothsome eatables, and charge a good price.' And our vice-president expatiated upon the advantages of a social hour around a tasteful supper—I mean banquet.

The ladies did not seem to catch her enthusiasm, but finally one said, with a doleful cadence, 'We can but try!' Now, 'can but try' is sure death to anything it undertakes. Still, those devoted officers were ready to enter upon the banquet in the same martyr spirit that had characterized their effort the year before. 'Suppose we submit our perplexities to a limited number of our ladies, and ask advice,' said the president. 'Also, suppose we find, by a little effort, how much our deficiency can be reduced,

and how difficult it would be for the society to pay the debt, as an alternative to getting up the sup—I mean banquet.'

This proposition was readily agreed upon, as the sitting had been long, and the ladies were ready to go. So the treasurer applied herself to reducing the debt by various expedients known to herself. The vice-president went her way, to estimate the supplies and expenditures needed for the banquet, and the president proceeded to write and hektograph postal-cards, twenty, fifty, sixty, until the 'limited number' bade fair to be unlimited. All were 'invited to kindly meet the members and friends of our Auxiliary, to take counsel about a deficiency in the treasury.'

The afternoon appointed for the meeting came, and was fine. There was a missionary prayer meeting at the church, from which the ladies adjourned to meet at the house of the president. They found many others awaiting them there; the parlor was full to overflowing, and all had a cheerful air, as if consulting about deficiencies in the treasury was always a pleasing pastime. The president did not keep them waiting, but entered at once upon the troubles and anxieties of the few previous months. She then asked instructions for the officers as to the banquet, advising it herself with great cordiality if the ladies liked the idea. She recapitulated the advantages of such a gathering as they had been set forth by the vice-president, dwelling upon the good times, and good feeling, and good comradeship that always marked such occasions. But there was a certain blankness in the faces that were turned toward the president. Perhaps that was what led her to make a suggestion before leaving the matter in the hands of the ladies. 'This was a very busy time of the year, she said, and possibly therefore, some of those present might prefer to forego the pleasure of the banquet, and give the money their donotions to the table would cost, outright. There were a number who would give a turkey, or tongue, or ham; and then in the constantly recurring emergencies of preparation would add to their turkey, coffee, and to their coffee, sugar, and to their sugar, milk, until the sum of their gifts would far exceed their first intent.' There were others who would give oysters, perhaps, or fruit. If they could think it best to add the price of banquet tickets to that of the oysters, or fruit, or ham or coffee —— Here there was a general smile through the room, and our president, who had not intended to be amusing, assured the ladies that she had not overdrawn the amount of their giving, she knew what their generous habit was, and, also, she had not mentioned the cake some of them would make at home for thirty cents, and buy back. if not consumed, for fifty. If they would kindly add that fifty cents —— But the president here found she was becoming so entertaining that she ceased speaking, and allowed the other officers to take the matter up.

A motion was made and unanimously carried that the money should be raised at once, according to the last suggestion. Slips of paper were quickly circulated, and in a very few moments money or pledges for the whole amount were in the hands of the treasurer. Everybody was happy and relieved. 'Last week we were to have had the banquet.

'Where would it have come in this week?' said the president. 'Don't speak of it,' said the vice-president; and we did not speak of it any more.

Is not this rather a sensible way for busy matrons to meet deficiencies?—'Life and Light.'

The Story of Ren Kueh-Chu.

(By Miss Jacobsen.)

Ren Kueh-Chu was the eldest of a family of three. At the early age of fourteen his evenings were spent with the boys of the village gambling for a few cash. Gambling became his ardent sin, and, because of this, he was beaten by his father, who saw the evil tendencies in his boy's ways and wished to reform him. At the age of eighteen he left his home for a city called Kiai-hsiu. He worked at a shop for some time, and his love for gambling increased until he put up forty cash every night. After a few years he became his own master, and went round the city selling food. At this time his mother came to the place, and, constantly hearing about her son's gambling habits, she was very grieved, and often exhorted him to give it up, but without success. He, himself, was much afraid to be known as a gambler, and tried to do it secretly, but when he found that it could not be hidden, he went openly to the gambling house outside the Mandarin's dwelling. At times he saw his sad condition, and with great yearning desired to reform. He burned incense before the idols, thinking that they had power to help him, but the more incense he burned the greater the desire to gamble seemed to grow, and, in spite of his times of remorse, his heart was not changed. It went so far that, in one night, he would gain or lose from forty to fifty thousand cash.

One day, going to a fair in the city, selling his food, he was taken seriously ill. At the inn where he was staying was a fortune-teller, who told him that his illness would not be better unless he returned to Kiai-hsiu. About this time he had a dream that impressed him as having a meaning. He dreamed he was in a garden, where he saw a lot of foreign lamps, and a priest escorted him around the garden. After his return to Kiai-hsiu he got better, and the next day after his dream he met a friend, who asked him to go with him and visit the foreigners. Mr. Russell was staying in Kiai-hsiu at the time, and number of Swedish brethren, who had just arrived, had taken up their abode there for a year's study of the language. Ren went with his friend, and they were invited to the Sunday meeting. Ren accepted the invitation, and the following Sunday found him at one of their meetings. He heard them speak of the necessity of having a change of heart and of being delivered from sin. Among other sins mentioned was that of gambling. They said that the way to be delivered was to pray to Jesus. As Ren Kueh-chu was listening to this new doctrine he thought to himself, 'There is no remedy for gambling, because I have worshipped idols and burned incense, and done all that possibly can be done to get rid of that particular sin, but have not succeeded.' But as they kept on urging the congregation to trust in Jesus and pray to him, he thought, perhaps, it would be well to try. After the meeting was over some of the native brethren spoke to him. He told them his difficulty, and they urged him to go home and make it a definite matter of prayer. That night he did not sleep much; he was only able to say, 'Lord Jesus, forgive my sin of gambling; change my heart; help me not to gamble any more.' This he said repeatedly during the night. He was filled with remorse, as the picture of his past life passed before him. The Holy Spirit convicted him of sin, and the cry came from his heart 'Lord, deliver me and save me!' As he had never heard a prayer, he could only repeat these few words. The next day he had no desire for gambling. As evening after evening came, and the time for gambling drew near, his only longing was for the next Sunday to come, when he could go and hear more of this wonderful truth that had so taken hold of him. He went again, and heard that not only was gambling reckoned a sin, but also the worship of idols. He had not a few idols in his home, and he made up his mind to destroy them. He destroyed all but one, being rather afraid, because of its size. He eagerly looked forward to the following Sunday, on which occasion he heard that the monstrous idols in the temples ought also to be destroyed. His thoughts were, 'If they can be destroyed, certainly my big one can also be' and he went home and destroyed this, too. The third Sunday, after the meeting, one of the native Christians, on seeing him smoking his tobacco pipe in the guest room, exhorted him to leave it off. He laughed and said he had not known before that it was wrong, but that it would be an easy matter to give it up. His pipe and all the things belonging to it, were expensive, but he sold it and did not smoke any more. They also exhorted him to take down his idols. On his answering that this was already done, they would not believe it, and one of the Swedish brethren sent a native Christian to find out about it, then, to their great astonishment, they found that his words were true. They now invited him to the Sunday evening prayer-meeting, and gave him some books to read. He asked his neighbors to teach him the characters as he could not read, but they soon found out that they were Christian books, and turned him off with mockery. By this time one of the servants of the missionaries was taken seriously ill. Ren Kueh-chu was asked to take his place, which he gladly did. Now he had a good opportunity of learning the characters. He repeated Scriptures at morning prayers, and was soon able to read his bible.

His father got seriously ill, and as the foreigners could do nothing for him, Ren decided to take him to Dr. Edwards, at Fencheo Fu, but after a few days his father died in the hospital. Ren had read about Jesus raising the dead, and, thinking of His mother's great sorrow, he wept and cried to the Lord to raise his father to life, and sat watching by the body for a whole day, when the doctor thought it was time to put the corpse into the coffin. On his way home Ren's heart was poured out to God to sustain his mother and bless his own soul. The Holy Spirit filled his heart with unspeakable joy as he sat in the cart beside his father's coffin. God gave him the assurance that this trial was sent by him, and when Ren reached home he was surprised to see his mother taking the news very calmly.

It appeared that one of the idols he destroyed at the time of his conversion belonged to his landlord, who was a heavy opium smoker, and in want of money. On hearing that the idol was destroyed, he came and demanded money for its value. Ren Kuehchu promised that he would refund the idol when the time came for him to leave the house. One day the landlord came, armed with a knife, and, as he was very poor and nearly starving, Ren Kueh-chu gave him a few pounds of flour. When the flour was gone, the man came again, wanting more money. He became a troublesome enemy, and said that he would not rest until he had killed Ren Kueh-chu. Ren was afterwards appointed to go around on a missionary journey with one of our Swedish brethren; this he enjoyed much. After returning from this missionary journey Ren had great fear of being met with the same opposition, and made it a matter of con-

tinual prayer. When nearing his home a man told him, 'Your tormentor is dead.' He did not believe this, but after a half-hour's walk another man met him and said, 'Your enemy was drowned one day when returning from his home, as he was crossing a river.' It was still difficult to believe that it was true, but he was bound to believe it when, on going to a shop in the city he heard the same story. He praised God for such a plain deliverance, and was encouraged more than ever to trust in him.

Later he was appointed to Hoh-cheo, where he helped in the opium refuge work. He heard of a region where foreigners were not wanted, and desired that he might go and preach the Gospel to the poor dark souls in that part of the country. God has answered his prayer, and he is now on his way to take up this new work, depending entirely on the Lord to supply his needs. Please pray that God will give him an open door, and that he may be greatly used in winning souls.—'China's Millions.'

A Little Comforter.

By Harriette E. Burch.

The sun was sinking fast, and little Madeleine kept glancing at the glowing sky as she crept noiselessly about dusting the table, the chairs, the deep window seat, and all the ledges, wondering when her uncle would come back.

Jacques Bonheur and his good wife had lost all their sturdy lads in the war between Germany and France; and when poor Pierre, Jacques' younger brother, had been killed fighting the Prussians, they had taken his orphaned girl and infant boy to their own home, far away from the children's loved blue mountains of Alsace.

The war was over at last, and little Jean was just learning to walk when fever broke out in the village. Jean sickened first, then little Madeleine; and, after nursing them safely through it, their good aunt herself was struck down.

Not one of the neighbors would come near the house; Jacques had his work to do; Madeleine was too young; so poor Madame Bonheur had to go to the charity hospital.

She had been away nearly a week, and the house seemed very empty without her. The lark that used to sing so cheerily in the great wicker cage when Madeleine and the baby first came had pined and died, and the ticking of the old clock in the corner sounded very hollow and dreary.

Jacques Bonheur was late; he had gone to see how his poor wife was; and Madeleine wanted to get the room tidied up and the tea ready for she knew he would be tired and faint. But tiny Jean had been so peevish that she had not been able to put him down for a minute.

She had danced him up to the empty cage till her arms ached. Then she tried trotting round the room and bo-peeping at him from behind the wooden cradle; and at last when she grew so tired that she felt as if she would drop him, she had sat down on her uncle's chair and let him play with the handle of the table-drawer.

However, at last he went to sleep, and she had just opened the cupboard to get out the tea things when her uncle opened the door.

'I thought you would soon be back, uncle,' she said, running to meet him.

Jacques Bonheur seemed quite overwhelmed; without even hearing what she said, he walked to his chair, sat down, and resting both hands on the knob of his stick, stared before him like one in a stupid dream.

'Is she worse, uncle?' asked the little girl, in a trembling voice.

'She's mortal bad, child,' groaned poor Jacques. 'The doctor says if she gets through to-night maybe they'll be able to save her. To think that I've served God all these years, and now he's turned his back on me!'

'Don't say that, uncle,' said Madeleine, gently. 'God never turns his back on those who put their trust in him. God is a present help in time of trouble.'

Then, going to the chest of drawers, she reached down the old family bible, sat down with it on her knee, and turned over the pages till she came to the one hundred and second psalm.

'Hear my prayer, oh, Lord, and let my cry come unto thee.

'Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble; incline thy ear unto me; in the day when I call answer me speedily.'

As he listened to the words from her clear young voice, the despair seemed passing out of his face.

'Read where Peter's wife's mother was sick,' he said, when she came to the end of the psalm. So Madeleine turned to the place in St. Matthew's gospel:

'And he touched her hand and the fever left her,' he replied after Madeleine. 'Maybe our prayers will reach the great white throne.'

Then, kneeling down with uplifted hands, he implored the divine blessing for his poor wife.

That night was the crisis; and when he went in the morning to inquire, the nurse spoke very hopefully. It was nearly a week before Madame Bonheur was out of danger, and more than a month before she was able to come home. It was a red-letter day for them all when she took her old place for the first time at the tea-table.

'A child whose heart is given to God is verily a ministering angel,' said Jacques Bonheur, stroking Madeleine's glossy hair. 'What I should have done without our little girl, I do not know. God spoke to me through her lips that night.'—'Everybody's Magazine.'

In the Tules.

(By Mary E. Bamford, in the 'Standard.')

'Seen any gopher holes yet, Sammy?'

'Not yet, pa.'

'Look sharp, son.'

'I'm a-looking, pa.'

The levee was fourteen feet high. Gophers start breaks in California levees by digging holes. People must keep watch. Mr. Bush was walking on one sloping side of the levee, and Sammy was on the other. On Mr. Bush's side there stretched from the levee out toward the river a 'tule swamp.' 'Tules,' are the reeds that grow in many California waters. On Sammy's side there stretched from the levee a forest of tules, too, but these did not stand in water. The levee kept the water out. The levee extended for twelve miles. Different men had land inside the levee.

'Pa,' called Sammy.

'What, son?'

'How're they going to get rid of the tules this side?'

Mr. Bush stepped on top of the levee and looked over at the 'reclaimed land.'

'We'll mow down the tules, Sammy, or burn them. We'll run furrows through the tule roots and burn them. When rain comes we'll put in seed. Next year there'll be barley here instead of useless tules.'

'We'll have to watch the gophers on the levee, sharp, then, too, pa!'

'Yes, son. Folks take great pains to reclaim this land, Sammy. It's worth it. It's rich land. But one thing makes me feel bad. There are men who'd fight all night to keep out a stream of water, if it threatened to break through this levee and spoil our reclaimed land, and, yet, some of those men do not think of such a thing as reclaimed lives! They don't fight at all to keep a stream of strong drink from entering their lips sometimes. No reclaimed lives as long as that stream flows, Sammy. Oh, how some of the men round here need the Lord for their bulwark. There's Vane coming now. He's one of those that I'm sorriest about.'

Vane was a pleasant-faced young man. He came along the levee with a hoe and shovel over his shoulder. His little brown dog was with him. Vane was going away down the levee to the section next to Mr. Bush's. There Vane would cut down weeds and look for gophers. Weeds must not be allowed to grow on the levee. Weeds might conceal the beginning of breaks, or might hide some gopher hole.

'Good morning,' said Vane, pleasantly, Helping your pa, are you, Sammy? It's pleasant to work in company. I'm always glad when I get down to the end of my section and meet the other fellows on theirs.'

Mr. Bush loked sober as Vane went on. It was Vane's friendship with some of the 'other fellows,' that worried Mr. Bush. Everybody liked Vane. Vane never used to touch a drop of liquor before this big levee began building. It had taken a number of months for about a hundred men, with over twice as many horses, to make this great levee. Vane, whose home was on one of the upland farms, had not before been thrown with such a company. One noon, when they were resting their horses, a young man offered Vane a drink of liquor. Vane refused. Some other young men laughed. Vane turned very red.

'Oh — well,' said Vane.

One of the young men handed Vane the bottle Vane took it and drank a little.

'Now, that's friendly,' said the other young man.

After that, once in a while, some of the men offered Vane a drink, and Vane took it.

'I won't do so any more after the levee is done,' Vane promised himself. 'I don't touch it when I'm by myself. They offer it to show they're friendly. That's their way.'

Now that the levee was made, several of the young men were still working, caring for the levee, and they still met Vane often.

After leaving Mr. Bush and Sammy, Vane went on to the part of the levee where he must work. He worked alone all the afternoon. The small brown dog looked for gophers. Towards sunset, Vane heard a whistle. One of the young men of the next section was coming. They talked a good while. The other young man had a bottle in his pocket. He offered the bottle to Vane.

'I don't care for any,' said Vane.

'Oh, nonsense! Take some!' said the other.

Vane took it. Twice the other young man offered it. It was not any easier for Vane to say 'No,' now, when the levee was built than before.

By and by, the other young man started off towards his section. Vane started towards home in the opposite direction. Vane walked till he was in the section attended to by Mr. Bush. Mr. Bush and Sammy were not there. Toward the end of Mr. Bush's section the levee turned and was built toward the uplands. Mr. Bush and Sammy had gone home.

Vane felt dizzy. He found himself wander-

ing off on the side of the levee, instead of walking on the top. Was this—the way — home?

Vane thought about the bottle. Was that — the reason — the road — moved about so? The sun had gone down. Vane wandered down the sloping side of the levee into the dry tules on the 'reclaimed land.' The tules grew very thickly, and they were as tall as Vane's head. Vane stumbled over a tule root among the tall reeds, and fell. Yes, he was going to get up. His head was dizzy. He would get up in a minute,—in — a — minute.

That evening, toward eight o'clock, at his farmhouse on the upland, Mr. Bush came into the room where his folks were.

'I guess some of the men several miles down the river must have started to burn the tule roots off their reclaimed land to-day, and the fire wasn't put out,' he said. 'I can see a light away in the distance. It must have caught in the standing tules. I expect the fire will run the miles to this end of the levee, but we're safe. This upland's ploughed. The fire won't spread to our farmhouse.'

A fire is a beautiful sight at night when one knows the flames are doing no harm. The fire was a number of miles away, inside the twelve-mile levee. The light grew brighter. A roaring began to be heard.

'It's coming, ma!' cried Sammy. 'What a big, big fire!'

Mr. Bush put on his hat.

'You going down to the levee, pa?'

'Yes, Sammy.'

'Mayn't I go too?'

'If you'll keep by me.'

How glorious the flames were from the levee! How the dry tules crackled in the distance! Down they went, acre after acre! On come the flames! There were fleeing birds, safe on wings, high in air. What was that sound? A dog barking? Where was he? Down in the tules of the reclaimed land? Why did he stay there? The fire was coming nearer, nearer. How the dog barked!

'Pa!' cried Sammy, 'something's down there! I see something! Pa, it's Vane's dog! Maybe Vane's there!'

Mr. Bush ran. So did Sammy. They plunged into the tules. Oh, how near the fire was! Hot wind came from it! Brave little brown dog, how he tugged at Vane's arm, trying to waken him! How stupidly heavy was Vane's sleep.

'We'll have to run, Sammy! Run!' cried Mr. Bush, lifting Vane. 'The fire'll catch us!'

Sammy helped lift. They ran. The small brown dog that had not been strong enough to drag his master out of danger, ran by their side. Vane was too stupid to help himself. He was pulled along in the face of the fire. Up the sloping side of the levee, up, up, fourteen feet to the top! Mr. Bush and Sammy dropped down breathless. The brown dog's coat was a little singed. Mr. Bush shook Vane till he opened his eyes and saw the sheet of fire down below over the place where he had been lying. What heat, what crackling!'

'Do you see?' called Mr. Bush. 'There is where you would have been!'

Frightened Vane was trembling. Mr. Bush took Vane to his home, and prayed with him.

Next day Vane came down the levee. Vane looked very grave. After a while he spied on the levee a little figure in blue shirt and brown overalls.

'Hallo, Sammy!' said Vane, soberly.

'Hallo, Vane!' said Sammy.

Vane stood still, and looked at the blackened 'reclaimed land.'

'Pa is glad the tules are gone,' said Sammy.

'Sammy,' said Vane, 'you've got a good pa. Sammy, I want to tell you something. Your pa's right about drinking! It came near being my death last night. Sammy, I'm never going to touch drink any more!'

'Not when the men down the levee want you to?' asked Sammy.

Vane shook his head.

'Never any more' — he said. 'Never, with God's help. You tell your pa that, Sammy?'

'Yes,' said Sammy, 'I'll toll him. Pa'll be glad.'

East Oakland, Cal.

A Boy And His Father.

(By Eleanor A. Hunter.)

In these busy days it sometimes happens that a boy and his father are not very well acquainted with each other. Breakfast is a hurried meal, and immediately after it the father starts off to business and the boy to school, and they do not meet again until the shadows are falling; then, after dinner, the boy has his lessons to learn, and the father, who is tired, is apt to have a nap and his newspaper. It is a great misfortune that a boy and his father have so little time in each other's company. They scarcely have a chance to get well acquainted before the boy is grown up, and has to go out into the world and take up the fight of life for himself. This is a pity; a boy misses a great deal, and so does his father. Under these circumstances a boy ought to cultivate his father as closely as circumstances will permit. Because, you know, your father does not keep up this round of work, month after month, year after year, just because he likes it. There are reasons why he does it, and one of those reasons is you. He means that you shall have a more comfortable home, a more thorough education, a better start in life than he had, and he is working with all his might to accomplish this. He may not talk much about it, but that is what he is doing. He is thinking more of you than you are about him. Your father cares for his boy, and it would be a beautiful thing if you never missed an opportunity to show that you care for him. It is not so easy, perhaps, to show this feeling for a father as it is for a mother, but it can be done. To begin with you can be respectful to your father. This virtue is somewhat out of fashion, I know, but I think it is a fine one to practice; it is beneficial in more ways than one. A boy who always behaves like a gentleman to his own father is apt to have manners so good that they will not desert him under any exigency. But if a boy is habitually discourteous to his father he may behave with rudeness to any one, and a careless or disrespectful manner has ruined more than one boy's chance in life.

If your father directs you to do anything for him, if it is nothing more than to mail a newspaper, do it promptly and thoroughly, write the direction clearly, and put the stamp on well. Don't forget, or misunderstand, or bungle the job. There is nothing more satisfactory to a father than to receive a hearty, willing service from a son.

There is another way in which you can please your father, you can talk to him sometimes, consult him about things. Many a subject comes up in a boy's life which he finds difficult to settle. Explain the points to your father, he will be interested, and his best judgment will be at your service — the judgment of a man who was a boy once himself. He knows how it is. He has been through similar experiences, and if you take his advice you will not regret it.

If you can coax your father for a day's fishing, or a tramp in the woods, if you can get him out to the ball grounds for an afternoon, or to the gymnasium for an hour, it will make him 'feel like a boy again,' and that is a very good way for a man to feel.

There is one more way by which a boy can show what his father is to him, and that is by cultivating a good character, by being a manly, Christian boy, both in work and play. If you could see your father's face light up when some one of the neighbors says to him, 'Your Jack is growing up to be a fine boy,' you would learn how close you are to your father's heart, and you would understand that when you do your best you make him very happy.

Many a long year ago a great king said: 'A wise son maketh a glad father,' and the old proverb is as true to-day as when it was first spoken; though art and science and knowledge have revolutionized the world, they cannot alter that fact. It depends upon his boy whether a father carries a light heart within his breast or a sad and anxious one. My boy, see to it that your father is one of the glad ones. It is in your power to do it.—'Christian Work.'

He Obeyed.

The moment of success, says a writer in 'Youth's Companion,' when the hard-won victory is actually attained, and the victor, no longer an unknown struggler, hears his name on every lip, is the moment that tells the character of the man. The young man who, at such a time, turns from the applause of the crowd, to search for approbation in a pair of honest, homely eyes, who will listen to no words of praise till they come from the old father or mother—he is the man who deserves his success.

In the recently contested Olympian games, the long race from Marathon was won by the young Greek peasant, Sotirios Loues. There had been no great parade about the training of this champion runner. From his work at the plough he quietly betook himself to his task of making Greece victorious before the assembled strangers from every land. He was known to be a good runner, and without fuss or bustle he entered himself as a competitor.

But it was not his speed alone, out-distancing every rival, that made the young Greek stand out from among his fellows that day. When he left his cottage home at Amarusi his father said to him, 'Sotiri, you must only return a victor.'

The light of a firm resolve shone in the young man's eye. The old father was sure that his boy would win, and so he made his way to the station, there to wait till Sotiri should come in ahead of all the rest. No one knew the old man and his three daughters as they elbowed their way through the crowd. When at last the excitement of the assembled multitude told that the critical moment had arrived, that the racers were nearing the goal, the old father looked up through eyes that were a little dim as he realized that truly Sotiri was leading the way. He was 'returning a victor.'

How the crowd surged about the young peasant when the race was fairly won! Wild with excitement they knew not how to shower on him sufficient praise. Ladies overwhelmed him with flowers and rings; some even gave him their watches, and one American lady bestowed upon him her jewelled smelling bottle. The princes embraced him, and the king himself saluted him in military fashion.

But the young Sotirios was seeking for other praise than theirs. Past the ranks of royalty and fair maidenhood, past the outstretched hands of his own countrymen, past the applauding crowd of foreigners, his gaze wandered till it fell upon an old man trembling with eagerness, who resolutely pushed his way through the excited, satisfied throng.

Then the young face lighted, and as old Loues advanced to the innermost circle with arms outstretched to embrace his boy, the young victor said simply:—

'You see, father, I have obeyed.'

LITTLE FOLKS

The Whispering Footprint.

'Eddy, oh-h! Eddy, where are you?'

'Here, mother,' came a shrill little voice from the back yard.

'Come here, Eddy; I want you to do something for me.'

Then the back door opened, and Mrs. Taylor heard the soft thud of bare feet along the passage. But when Eddy entered the sitting-room and stood by mother's sewing table, she only said, 'Why, Eddy, what's the matter?'

Now there were no cuts or bumps or bruises about the little boy. Why should mother think anything was the matter? Because his brown eyes, which generally looked right up at you, like two little birds flying out of a cage, now had an uneasy look; neither here nor there, but away.

'Nothing's the matter,' said Eddy, looking out of the window; 'what did you call me for, mother?'

She had wanted him to run down to the village post-office, to mail a letter, but the letter was forgotten now. Mother was silent for a few minutes; then seeing something between her table and the door, she spoke:

'I am sorry my little boy has disobeyed me about going to the apple bin without leave.' Eddy gave a little start. 'The reason God put me here as your mother, Eddy, is because he thinks I know better what you ought to do, and ought not to do, than you do yourself.'

Eddy did not answer. He was asking himself how mothers knew everything a fellow did.

'I am specially sorry that you should disobey me by sneaking through the coal-room window,' said Mrs. Taylor. 'I would much rather have you say, "I won't mind you," and go in before my eyes, than go in by telling a lie.'

'Why, mother—I didn't say'—began Eddy, glad of a chance to defend himself.

'Do you think you only talk with your lips?' interrupted his mother. 'What do you suppose has whispered to me that you have been in the apple cellar, and that you went through the coal room?'

'I can't imagine,' said Eddy, honestly.

'Look behind you.'

The little boy turned, and there, between him and the door, were five coal-dusty footprints on the white matting! Mother could not help smiling at the look of surprise and dismay on the little face, but it was a rather mournful smile.

'Do you think we can ever do wrong, Eddy, and not leave marks of it somewhere?' she asked. 'And, oh! my little boy, the marks that sin leaves are on your heart, which ought to be clean and white for God's eyes, instead of being all tracked over by wrong doing.'

'Won't they come out?' asked Eddy. He meant the footprints on

the matting, but his mother was thinking about those other marks, when she said, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. You must ask him to forgive you, Eddy, and to take away your guilt, and to make you hate sin, which leaves such ugly footprints in your little life.'

And then for a punishment, and for a reminder, mother kept the footprints on the sitting-room floor that whole day, so that Eddy might see them and remember how every wrong deed left dark stains on his little heart.—Elizabeth P. Allan in 'The Morning Star.'

My Duty Towards My Neighbor.

By the Rev. E. J. Sturdee.

'To be true and just in all my dealings. To keep my hands from picking and stealing.'

CHAPTER I.—THE THEFT.

'Mary, there is some one at the front door; I heard a ring. Who can it be at this time of day?' And off went Mary the housemaid from the depths of the kitchen, where she and her mistress were busy with arrangements of all sorts.

'Please, miss, do ask the lady if she will give a penny or a piece of bread to a poor boy. It's so cold, miss, and I'm so hungry.'

Mary the housemaid looked at the speaker, who had dared to come up the front steps just after they had been cleaned. He was a poor ragged boy about fifteen, and had pretty blue eyes, and he spoke so sadly that the housemaid's heart was touched. 'Just wait a bit,' she said, 'and I will see the lady; perhaps she will give you something.

On returning to the kitchen Mary the housemaid found her mistress with Master John on one side of her and Miss Jane on the other, both deeply interested in the contents of the funny-looking parcels that had come from the 'stores,' and contained nice things for dessert, etc.

John had come back from boarding-school the day before, and Jane, who was only nine, and two years younger than her brother, had been wild with excitement ever since.

'Poor boy!' cried John, when Mary had delivered her message. 'What can we give him, mother?'

'Take him a mince-pie,' said mother; 'he will be glad of it.'

'Let me take it,' asked Jane; 'and John, you come too. Perhaps you can give him a penny, for I know you have one in your pocket.'

Up rushed the pair, followed by Mary the housemaid, who suddenly remembered an old, old order of her mistress: 'Never leave the front door open when people come to beg.'

'But where is the boy? I don't see him,' called out Jane.

'Perhaps he has gone round the corner,' suggested John, and he leaned over the parapet to see. But

no boy was there, and the children looked disappointed.

'Why didn't he wait, I wonder? Were you kind to him, Mary?'

'Yes, Miss Jane, I was too kind, for I usually turn beggars away; but this one had such blue eyes, and looked so pretty and good. Oh, I say! where's master's new umbrella with the silver top?' and Mary hunted all round the umbrella-stand, thinking it had fallen down at the back.

'Do you mean the one that General Grant sent him yesterday?'

'Yes, Master John; it ought to be here, for I noticed how the top glittered like when I opened the front door.'

There was a pause, another look around, and then all three said at once, 'That wicked boy has stolen it and run away.'

CHAPTER II.—THE MORAL.

It was the afternoon. The brother and sister were in the cosy dining room; John was in an easy-chair, and Jane sitting on the hearthrug.

In the easy chair on the other side of the fire-place grandpa was having his afternoon nap—at any rate his eyes were shut, and, even if not asleep, he was too deaf to be disturbed by the talk of the young people—at least, John declared he was, but Jane was not so sure. Still, John ought to know, for he was at a boarding-school, and knew many wonderful things about people. At first, however, they spoke in low tones, but soon passed into a higher key, which they did not alter again, as grandpapa seemed so very sound asleep.

'I do call it a mean trick to steal an umbrella whilst people are really trying to be kind to you.'

'So I think, John,' replied Jane, 'and Mary said he was a nice-looking boy too—the wicked fellow! How cross papa will be when he comes home from the city; he was speaking of his beautiful new umbrella again this morning before he left.

And then John made another remark about the blue-eyed thief, and Jane answered him, and was answered in turn, until they both felt quite good in comparison with such a mean character.

'What a lovely knife, John; it is not the one grandpapa gave you, surely?'

'No, it is not; I got it from a boy at school.'

'Did he give it to you? How good of him!'

'No, not quite' (and John looked at the easy-chair opposite, but the eyes were shut, and so grandpapa must be asleep). 'No, no, not quite; I swapped my other knife for it.'

'What does that mean?' asked Jane.

'Oh, it means that I changed with Tom Larkyns. You see, he wanted a knife with a corkscrew, and so I let him have mine.'

'But why did you change, John? This knife has no corkscrew, I see, though it does look very good, I must say.'

'Yes, but then my old knife would not always shut up properly, and used to tear my pocket.'

'But did Tom Larkyns know that when he swopped?'

'No, he didn't, for it was only now and then that it wouldn't shut, and luckily just when he looked at it it was all right.'

'But didn't he find it out afterwards?' asked Jane.

'Of course he did, but it was too late then to change back. I told him that he ought to have found out all about the knife at first, so he had to keep it.'

Just then the door opened, and Mary the housemaid came in and put something heavy on the sideboard.

'What's this?' cried John. 'Oh my! what a jolly cake, thick with sugar and colored sweets. Where did it come from, Mary?'

'It is a present from Dr. Fowell, Master John.'

John gave a sigh. He loved plum-cake, and even more, anything in the shape of sweets and sugar.

'Poor John!' said faithful Jane, 'I will give you a knob of sugar and a sweet where they won't be missed;' and quick as thought she broke off a knob here and a sweet there, just where no one would notice the blank.

Suddenly the boy and girl felt a hand laid on each of them. They jumped at the touch—grandpapa was standing over them wide awake.

'And so my John and Jane would like the blue-eyed boy severely punished for his truly wicked theft, but I am afraid they are not perfect enough to be his judges.'

Jane colored, and said in self-defence, 'I don't call this stealing; we have not cut the cake.'

'And why do you look at me, grandpapa?' said John. 'I did not take off the sugar, but I agree with Jane that it is not exactly stealing.'

'What do you call your conduct over the knife which you changed away?'

John looked ashamed. He thought grandpapa had been asleep, but he said, 'I don't see that I was wrong: I gave Tom Larkyns the chance of finding out for himself what the knife was like.'

'Then why do you say that your duty towards your neighbor is "to be true and just in all my dealings' and (here he turned to Jane) "to keep my hands from picking and stealing?"'

And as he left the dining-room the brother and sister felt relieved, for they did not know what to answer.—'Boys' and Girls' Companion.'

How to Live Well.

Dr. Payson, when a student, said, 'Since I began to ask God's blessing on my studies, I have done more in one week than in the whole year before.' It is said of General Havelock that if the hour for marching was six o'clock, he rose at four rather than be denied an opportunity of communion with God. Matthew Hale says, 'If I omit praying and reading God's Word in the morning, nothing goes well all day.' —'Children's Treasury.'

A Merry Heart.

Clear or cloudy day,
Summer heat or cold,
A happy heart keeps holiday,
A merry heart is bold.
Though the wind of Fortune blow
Out of wintry skies,
Face it smiling as you go—
A merry heart is wise.

By and by the sun will shine,
Day must follow night;
Darkest hour is the sign
Of returning light.
God is in His heaven still,
Though the world denies;
And cheery courage waits on will—
A merry heart is wise.

Over rugged things we climb
To our best estate;
We shall stumble many a time,
But we conquer fate.
And we choose the better part,
So that evil flies,
When we keep the dauntless heart—
The merry heart that's wise.
—'Adviser.'

Anthony Kellerman.

It was a raw, cold Saturday evening in the month of September. Anthony Kellerman walked slowly along the street toward his home, but his thoughts were not the thoughts of a happy man. He had started in business twenty years before as a flourishing young dentist. Everything at that time appeared bright before him. He had been successful, and twelve years before he had been married. The early part of the married life had been a happy one, particularly when a baby boy came into the home. The young wife felt little care. She held her infant in her arms, and paid no attention to the fumes of liquor which her husband often brought into his home while he stooped to kiss her and the baby.

'Every young man drinks,' she said, and she laughed at the 'straight-laced' temperance people as she sipped the wine, when in company, as well as occasionally, in her room. There was little danger, she thought, either to herself or to her husband; they did not intend to make fools of themselves.

But there came a first shock. The dinner waited, and grew cold, but the husband came not. The young servant-girl, having been sent on an errand, returned and quietly informed her young mistress that Mr. K. was sitting in the corner liquor-store reading the newspaper. The wife grew anxious, but as he entered soon after, slightly under the influence of liquor, and he was not wholly intoxicated, she quieted her fears.

The summer came with its intense heat. It was cause for alarm when the husband staggered in. 'Was it a sun-stroke?' 'Shall a physician be sent for?' 'This is an unusual attack!' There was one present who soon saw that only the Great Physician could cure this sickness. So Mr. K. was laid on the bed dead drunk! Mrs. K. awoke as from a dream. The husband awoke from his sleep, and from that day he went down! down! down!

Some years had elapsed since this occurred, and as he reviewed the past, full of remorse, and under the influence of liquor, despair seized him. What did he see as he recalled former days?

First, from a flourishing business he had descended to an inferior one. Perhaps he recalled the time, when, with two of his wife's relatives, he was recuperating in their country home. They expressed surprise when he took the small vial of brandy from his pocket and invited them to drink with him. He laughed at their narrow country ideas. He contrasted their present condition with his own. They two successful young men, he, a miserable drunkard. He saw another downward track. His patients all left him and he had been obliged to seek new ones in a low neighborhood. Even there he could not succeed, for so low had he sunk that he was obliged to give up at last and seek employment with a dentist friend. Then he was dismissed, and in a fit of desperation, without even a farewell to wife and child, he had left them for months, and had gone no one knew where. He returned and received forgiveness. But he entered into old scenes, and at one sweep lost a large sum of money in a bet made while under the influence of liquor. He was desperate. He had frequently threatened to commit suicide, but this threat had been repeated so often that no one believed him. All these scenes were presented to him as he entered the parlor of his home. His wife had gone out. Angry, despondent, partially under the influence of liquor, he again repeated his threat to a member of the family; but it was regarded as of little importance. Some hours passed away, and bedtime for his little son drew near.

'Go and say "good-night" to Papa,' he was told, and the child started for the parlor.

What did he see? He had never looked on death, but though a child of only nine years, he knew that he stood in its awful presence. He returned pale with fright and trembling with horror.

'Papa is dead!' he cried.

He was right. In this hour of desperation he had taken a deadly drug from his pocket, and the work was done.

It is the old story. He did not intend to 'make a fool of himself.' 'He only did what other young men did.' 'He knew when to stop.' There was no fear on the part of either wife or husband. So long as he took drink moderately they both felt secure.

How few parents realize that when their children constantly attend socials and entertainments they are growing into a species of intemperance. Even the most harmless pleasures, if indulged in too frequently become a snare. This fact is not absorbed as it should be by those who have charge of the young.

When the apostle speaks of temperance it does not always apply to the intoxicating cup. 'Lead us not into temptation,' does not mean those temptations alone that we can see at once as dangerous.

Let any one watch the effects of pleasure when of long continuance.

But how about those young people, who night after night in a brilliant saloon, among weak and frivilous companions, return to their work the next morning? Everything is distasteful, and each succeeding day becomes more so, until all relish for work is gone, and intemperance follows. It was so with Mr. K.

A lady once remarked to a school superintendent, that she thought if the theatre were ridded of its impurities many historical facts would be impressed upon the minds of the young that would be very beneficial.

'Madam,' he replied, 'that was tried hundreds of years ago, but you will find that whenever people frequently visit the theatre their feelings are very susceptible to emotions when in public; but there is very little left for the home life.'

The lesson to be learned is this; that there should be moderation in all things, otherwise it tends to intemperance. Constant pleasure brings dissatisfaction with one's solid duties; dissatisfaction makes life a burden. When life becomes a burden God is forgotten, and so in time desperation follows, and suicide is the result.

—Mrs. Peter Styker, in 'National Temperance Advocate.'

His Own Roof.

Chaplain McCabe tells the story of a drinking man who being in a saloon late at night heard the wife of the saloon-keeper say to her husband, 'Send that fellow home, it is late.' 'No, never mind,' replied her husband, 'he is shingling our roof for us.' This idea lodged in the mind of the drunkard, and he did not return to the saloon for six months; when passing the saloon-keeper in the street, the latter said, 'Why don't you come round to my place any more?' 'Thank you for your kind hospitality,' replied his former victim; 'I have been shingling my own roof lately.' The industrial aspect of the temperance reform is embodied in this illustration. The chaplain also said, 'One of your Chicago papers discoursed last winter in this wise: "It is the week of prayer, but it strikes us that the poor need bread more than they need prayer." Well, at first that looks plausible, but it isn't so, after all. They need prayer more, for if you can only get them to praying they will soon be earning their own bread. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," and universal prayer would soon assuage the woes of the world.'—'Union Signal.'

A Turning Point.

Dr. Hannay's secretarial colleague, the Rev. D. Burford Hooke, says a commercial traveller from Liverpool, who was in the habit of visiting Dumfries, had a custom, after he had finished his business, to go round the town with a bell, announcing a temperance lecture. Young Hannay went to hear him, and as the result became possessed of 'a strong and almost passionate determination to keep clear of the snares into which so many of his fellow-townsmen were constantly falling.' So 'I made up my mind as a boy that I would not be a drunkard.' He went on March 7, 1837, to a bookseller's shop where a pledge-book was kept. The bookseller was doubtful as to the wisdom of any but full grown men signing the pledge. He protested, but the lad's hand was on the book, and almost before the good man could recover from his surprise the words 'Alexander Hannay' were written in a round bold hand, and there they remain to this day. He himself regarded the incident as the turning-point in his life, for only recently he said, 'Most positively do I now declare my belief that my position in after life, and any service I have rendered to the cause of temperance or the cause of truth, is due to that one act.'

Why Bishop Potter Became a Teetotaller.

'Doctor,' said a lady at a fashionable dinner party, a few years ago, to Bishop Potter, 'I observe that you take no wine.' 'No,' said Dr. Potter, 'I have not done so for twenty-five years. A man with an unconquerable passion for drink used to come constantly to see me, and told me how this miserable passion was bringing him to utter ruin; how his employers, every time he obtained a situation, dismissed him, on account of this terrible habit. One day I said, "Why will you not say, here and now, before God, and in his help, 'I will never taste liquor again?'" The man said, "Doctor, if you were in my place you would not say that." I answered, "Temperate man that I am, I will say so this moment." And I spoke the solemn vow that I had called on him to make. My poor friend looked at me with consternation; then an expression of hope overspread his face. With steady voice he pronounced the vow. A moment after he left me, but returned often to see me. The vow has been kept, and he that was fast losing soul and body found a position, kept it, and became not only a sober, but a godly man.'

War on Cigarettes.

It is now thought that steps have been taken which will lessen the use of cigarettes by the boys in the Chicago public schools. It has been ascertained that most of the cigarettes which the boys smoke are obtained at little stores near the schoolhouses, and that they contain poisonous material which renders their use very dangerous. The Common Council has now imposed a tax of $100 on each dealer, has limited the distance from the school building at which they may be sold, and rendered the continuance of the business so difficult as practically to destroy it altogether.

LESSON III.—July 18.

Paul at Thessalonica and Berea.

Acts xvii., 1-12. Commit vs. 10-12.

Read I. Thessalonians, 1 and 2.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'They received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily.'—Acts xvii., 11.

Home Readings.

M. Acts xvii., 1-12.—Paul at Thessalonica and Berea.
T. I. Thess., i., 1-10.—Paul to the Thessalonian Church.
W. I. Thess., ii., 1-20.—'Ye are our Glory and Joy.'
Th. II. Thess., ii., 13-3: 18. — 'God hath Chosen You.'
F. Luke xxiv., 25-32: 44-48.—Christ Reasoning from the Scriptures.
S. John v., 24-47.—Moses Wrote of Christ.
S. Psalm xix., 1-14.—'The Testimony of the Lord is Sure.'

Lesson Story.

When Paul and Silas and Timothy left Philippi they passed through Amphipolis and Appollonia and came to Thessalonica. Here Paul went into the Synagogue on three Sabbath days, and preached to them of Jesus Christ, the risen Son of God. Some of the Jews believed and a great number of the Greeks and devout women believed also.

But the Jews who did not believe were filled with wrath and envy that so many should listen to Paul. Gathering a mob, they went to the house of Jason, a relative of Paul (Rom. xvi., 21) where the missionaries were staying, and raised an uproar. They could not find Paul and his companions so they took Jason and dragged him before the rulers, saying, 'These that have turned the world upside down, have come hither also.' They represented the missionaries as conspirators against the government, who said that there was another king whom they should obey instead of Ceasar. They could not understand that the kingdom of Jesus is a spiritual kingdom, not temporal. The rulers were much put out by these accusations against the missionaries, which they knew to be untrue, yet, for fear of being themselves accused of disloyalty to Ceasar, they dared not disregard the demands of the mob. They took security, or bail, from Jason and others that the missionaries should not stay and teach in Thessalonica, and Paul and Silas were again sent on their way, rejoicing in the love which made them glad to endure hardships.

Coming to Berea they taught in the synagogue there and were received with great readiness of mind. These Jews were noble-minded enough to listen to Paul and to search the Scriptures to find if these things were true. Very many of the Berean Jews believed, and a great number of the Grecian women of high social standing, and quite a few men.

Lesson Hymn.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
I fain would take my stand—
The shadow of a mighty Rock
Within a weary land.
A Home within the wilderness,
A Rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noon-tide heat,
And the burden of the day.

I take, oh Cross, thy shadow,
For my abiding-place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of his face.
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self, my only shame,
My glory all the Cross.

Lesson Hints.

'Amphipolis' — A town about thirty miles west of Philippi. It would not have been safe for the missionaries to stop here, so they left it to be evangelized by the Philippians.

'Apollonia.' — A small town about thirty-seven miles from Thessalonica, this town also could be easily reached by the church which they hoped to found in Thessalonica. The latter city being an ancient commercial centre, still exists in Turky under the name of Salonica.

'Paul, as his surname was.' — The gospel was preached 'to the Jew first,' and afterward to the Gentiles. The synagogue was the place where he could always find the devout Jews.

'Reasoned with them.'—Showing and proving to them from the Scriptures that Jesus, who had been crucified, for their sins, and had risen again, was indeed the long-promised Messiah, the Christ whom the prophets had foretold.

'Consorted.' — Literally, cast in their lot with them. To become a Christian meant almost certain persecution.

'Security of Jason.'—That Paul and Silas should not preach, probably for this reason Paul never returned to Thessalonica.

'Berea.'—Sixty miles south-west of Thessalonica.

Search Questions.

Give three passages from the Old Testament that Paul may have used to prove 'That Christ must needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead.'

Very Honorable Mention.

Eva Woodward, Violet Haley Godwin, Annie Sharpe, Mrs. P. Harper, Emma Moore, Cora May Sider, Jean S. Chimie, Ella Anderson, Louis G. Hamilton, Etta M. Rogers, Jennie Ross, Grace D. Allan, Maude Peach, J. E. Gray.

Honorable Mention.

Maggie W. Loggie, Roy Fash, Amanda Montgomery, Emma Killam, Margaret Brown, Charley Forsyth, Alice Kneen, Helen Bentham, Mary Lydia Crisp.

Primary Lesson.

The Golden Text tells us about some people who were noble. What made them noble, did they live in fine houses and ride in carriages and look very grand? Some persons would think that was noble. But the people here were not like that, doubtless some of them were very poor and humble, but they had noble minds. How do we know? Because when Paul preached to them, they listened to him, they did not say, 'Oh, we never heard that before and we don't believe anything new,' as some persons would. Neither did they just believe it all because Paul said it was true, as some other persons would. They listened quietly to all he had to say and then they went home and searched their Scriptures to see if the things were true.

Sometimes little folks do not think the bible is very interesting, but that is because they have not understood it. Think of it as the word of God, a letter from our Father in heaven to each of us. And pray that the dear Holy Spirit will teach us how to understand it, as our Lord Jesus promised that he would. Ask your mother to read it with you and to explain the hard words, and soon you will love it very much.

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'By Cool Siloam,' 'Oh for a heart to praise my God,' 'Praise Him! Praise Him!' 'I've Found the Pearl of Greatest Price,' 'What a Friend we have in Jesus.'

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

The death and resurrection of Christ were the central truths of Paul's preaching. All other doctrines cluster round and hang upon these great facts. Verses 1-3.

The gospel proclaimed forms a great dividing line, on one side of which we find the believers, and on the other side the rejecters. Verses 4, 5.

Satan would mingle politics and religion in order to confuse the Christian in his relation to both. The bible never sanctions a union of church and state. Verses 6-9.

The body needs preservation as well as the soul. Verse 10.

The Bereans obeyed the exhortation Christ had given the Jews years before. Verses 11, 12. Compare John v., 39.

Tiverton, Ont.

Family Worship.

At a recent Convention in Glasgow, the Rev. Mr. Haslam observed: 'There was a young man in Scotland who had been rather wild. He went out to India, and shortly afterwards was converted. After his conversion he was taken ill, and partially recovering, was sent home invalided. One of the first things he observed on reaching the home of his childhood, was that though his father and mother were fine, good living old people, neither of them had really come to the Saviour. He had always thought that as they went to Church regularly they were Christians, but now his new God-given light showed him different. On the first Sunday evening after his return to Scotland, when his mother was about to retire to her own room for the night, full of joy at the safe return of her boy, he exclaimed, 'What, mother, going to bed, and we have not had family worship?' 'Oh, yes, of course,' said his father. 'Get down the bible. Where is it?' After a great search, it was found, and dusted (it needed dusting badly); then they sat round. 'Now, Robin, you will read,' remarked the father, as he handed over the bible. But Robin would not read. 'No, father,' he said, 'you are the head of the house; it is you that must read the chapter.' The father nervously did as he was told, then looking up imploringly at his son, said, 'Now, Robin, you will pray.' 'No father, you are the head of the house; you must pray.' 'But, Robin, I would rather that you would pray.' 'No, father, you must.' 'But, Robin, the fact is, I do not know how to pray.' 'Well, father, just get down on your knees and tell the Lord that you do not know how to pray.' Then the three knelt, while the old man thanked the Lord for bringing Robin safe home; then he thanked the Lord for saving Robin's life in India; then, with tears coursing down his cheeks he prayed, 'Lord, be mereiful to me;' and both he and his wife broke down and cried aloud for mercy, and God heard and saved them, and there was Robin jumping about the room, shouting 'Hallelujah,' and praising God for saving his father and mother.'

An Awful Prayer.

A fearful incident occurred some time ago in New York. Successful revival meetings had been conducted at a certain church by an evangelist, in which, among the persons who had found the Lord, were all the members of an influential family save one. For this last one who remained outside the fold much prayer was offered. The saved members of her family specially asked the evangelist to interest himself on the young lady's behalf. He did so, and prayed for her salvation. When the meetings were drawing to a close, this young lady was observed to wear an air of great mental strain. Instead of going forward to the enquiry-room as the leader of the meeting anticipated she would do, on seeing her rise from her seat, she walked towards the corridor leading to the entrance of the church. He followed her, hoping, probably, to yet induce her to turn to Christ. He, to his surprise, saw her fall upon her knees on the floor of the corridor. He listened to the words of the prayer she uttered. Horror seized him as he listened. The young woman was saying words to this effect: 'God, take away the striving of thy spirit. I cannot bear it, and I will not give up my pleasures. I love the ball-room and the pleasures of society, and I don't want to be saved.' Then she got up and went away. The evangelist turned back, grieved to the heart to witness such deliberate rejection of the gospel. About a fortnight after he was asked to visit the home of a young lady who was thought to be dying. He was ushered into a splendid abode, and as he glanced at the face of the dying woman, resting uneasily on the pillow, he saw, to his surprise, that it was none other than the very young lady who had prayed the prayer that had so shocked him a fortnight before. Her friends were in great distress over her. The visitor sought to lead the young woman's mind off from herself to the thought of what Christ had done in her behalf, but in vain. He quoted, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out,' and such like texts, but she refused to believe the promises were for her, and then, as she was able, she told him the story he already knew, of her rejection and prayer for the removal of God's Spirit from her, and she refused to believe that even then the Lord Jesus would receive her. All the preacher's efforts to this end were in vain; she would not believe, so he had to leave her to die in despair. In this case it would seem that all was done that could be done to a free creature, short of coercing the will, but that soul used her high prerogative of free choice — designed, no doubt, to be the pivot upon which she should turn towards a future of glory, honor and immortality — to decide against all the efforts of God and man on her behalf — and perished. — 'War Cry.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Etiquette For Young People.

(By Cousin Belle.)

TABLE MANNERS.

(Second Paper.)

At even the simplest meal some courtesies must be observed, and everything which could annoy or disgust others should be carefully avoided. It is, of course, especially necessary to eat rather slowly and without the least noise, and to keep the lips closed while chewing. Yet, many young people get into careless ways of eating. It is so easy when interested in conversation, or anxious to finish the meal, to eat in a way that looks very ugly. But nice eating needs a little care, and it is well for that reason to spend a longer time over meals than many people do. The dinner time should be a time of leisure, every one should come very neatly dressed, and ready for pleasant conversation. Taking dinner slowly and in a cheerful, sociable way, is best for health as well as for manners and happiness.

In eating meat and vegetables the knife should be held in the right hand and the fork in the left all the time except when both are laid down for a minute, as when you are talking about something interesting. The knife should on no account be put near the mouth, and it is best as a rule not to use the fork to lift food spoon-fashion. For pie or stiff puddings, however, the fork is used without the knife, and is held in the right hand. The table napkin should be unfolded and placed on the lap. It should be passed across the lips both before and after drinking. When not holding a fork or knife one hand may be rested on the table but not the arm or elbow. The chair must never be tilted or shoved about.

Conversation at table should be general if there are only a few people. Do not speak in undertones or say to one person what you do not wish the rest to hear. If a letter or telegram is brought to you when at a meal, do not open it without some word of excuse to the company, for it is not expected that anyone will bring private business to the table. If you are at home it will be sufficient to say, 'If you'll allow me, I'll just read this.' But if you are visiting it is better to be more formal and say, 'Will you excuse me, Mrs. ——, if I open my letter?' addressing the lady of the house. In some places, however, the mail is brought in at breakfast time, and all open their letters together, in such a case no excuse should be offered. In cases of this kind it is polite just to follow the custom of the people you are with.

When a plate of buns or cake is passed round the table it is quite proper for each person to help himself before passing the plate. Some people have the way of offering the cake to the next neighbor before taking any, but this is not necessary. If all did it it would make a good deal of unnecessary ceremony. It is well, however, for young people to pass the dish to a parent or guest before helping themselves.

Next week we will talk about the small formalities suitable to a family dinner party, such as most of us enjoy at Thanksgiving or Christmas.

'Table Manners.'—Problem.—A young man on sitting down to dinner in a strange house notices that there is a plate of butter on the table, but no knife with it. If he wishes for butter with his dinner what will he do about helping himself to it? Address all answers to problems to 'Cousin Belle.'

'When to Stand.'—Problem.—A young man in a street car sees two ladies come in. Mrs. B. and her daughter, Miss Annie, who is delicate, and looks very pale this morning. To which of the ladies does he offer his seat and why? Address all answers to problems to 'Cousin Belle.'

A Common Mistake.

'I hardly know which to pity the most,' said I, as I looked from the pinched face of the child to that of the mother, which spoke so eloquently of sleepless nights and anxious care.

'Oh, do not waste any sympathy on me,' said the self-forgetful mother, 'Robbie deserves it all, he has been such a brave little sufferer!'

And then the mother gave me a glimpse of the long, dreary months which had followed in the wake of the dislocation of her son's knee, in the early winter; and the complications arising from it; which for a time were so serious, as to endanger his life.

She also told hopefully of the child's improvement, to the astonishment of every one, until now her anxiety was well-nigh forgotten in the hope of the child's speedy recovery. And then, turning to her child, on whose leg the cruel weight still hung, she said cheerily:

'Won't it be nice, dearie, to run and play like other boys?'

'Yes, mamma,' said the child with a wan smile, 'but I get 'scouraged! I'm such a long time gettin' well.'

'Poor child!' said the mother with a rueful laugh, 'I do not wonder your courage does not hold out.'

And then turning to me, she said:

'Robbie and I have had enough to make us lose our courage; but the worst is now over, I feel sure.'

I wondered the mother could speak thus hopefully, when at every turn I heard: 'If the child lives, he will be a cripple for life.' But here, the nurse entered the room, and the mother suggested that we should leave her alone with her charge. I surmised, however, that her reason for so doing was to say what she did not like her child to hear. For as soon as we were alone, she said:

'I really think you are the first caller seeing Robbie who has not said something discouraging in his hearing.'

'And so,' I said, laughingly, 'you wanted to get me out of the room before I made the same mistake, did you not?'

'No,' said my young friend frankly, 'I knew I could trust you, for I have heard you say that one of the hardest things about being sick was the doleful remarks of callers, and I felt sure that after your experience with such tactless people, you would not add to our bitter cup what so many others have done.'

Here, the young mother, who, in the presence of her child had only smiles, burst into tears, saying:

'Pardon my weakness, but I have borne so much! I did not like to tell you before Robbie, but I knew you could sympathize with me to some extent; and it will do me good to unburden to one who understands.'

'Poor child!' said I, 'no wonder your nerves are unstrung, considering what you have borne in seeing your child suffer these long winter months.'

She seemed but a child to me, for she married so young, that though the mother of a six-year-old boy, she needed mothering herself. I supposed that the burden which she was about to unburden, though, was the knowledge of the fact, that what 'they' said was true—that her boy would never walk again. But to my surprise, when she could control herself sufficiently to talk, she said:

'But the hardest thing I have had to contend with during this trying time has been to be true to my convictions and retain our physician.'

I was surprised to hear her speak so, for I had supposed that her confidence was unbounded in the physician who had stood by the family during those trying scenes, as few professionals would do. And as I expressed myself to that effect, the girlish mother, with rising color, said:

'I had the most implicit confidence in him when we called him, and I have now; but during those awful weeks of suspense, when Robbie's life seemed to hang by a thread, I was forced to listen to so many criticisms of the doctor, that I will admit I was on the verge more than once of heeding the advice I listened to daily, "Get another physician, if you want to save your child's life."'

'Do you mean to say," queried I, 'that callers added to your grief and anxiety in that indiscreet and cruel fashion?'

'Yes, daily, almost hourly,' said the pale-faced little woman, with tears streaming down her face; 'and though I think people meant it kindly to me, it seemed cruel in the extreme! for if Robbie had died, I should always have regretted not heeding their admonitions. But as it looks now, I cannot be thankful enough that I did not allow the many criticisms to influence me to the extent of changing physicians.'

* * * * * * *

The foregoing conversation was this morning recalled, as—one year later—I met that mother with beaming face, and saw her boy—a picture of health—bounding by her side. And thinking of it, I was reminded, too, of how the croakers predicted that the child, now going with a hop, skip and jump, would surely be a cripple for life, if the parents did not make a change of physicians. And then, I fell to thinking, as I have so often before, how strange it is that people can be so tactless as to add to the care and sorrow of a stricken household by criticising the family physician. This is a very common mistake, and one which has been seemingly overlooked.—Helena H. Thomas, in 'N. Y. Observer.'

How to Keep Your Room.

A look into the chamber of a boy or girl will give one an idea of what kind of a man or woman he or she will probably become. A boy who keeps his clothing hung up neatly, or a girl whose room is always neat, will be apt to make a successful man or woman. Order and neatness are essential to our comfort as well as that of others about us. A boy who throws down his cap or book anywhere will never keep his accounts in shape, will do things in a slovenly, careless way, and not be long wanted in any position. A girl who does not make her bed until after dinner—and she should always do it herself rather than have a servant do it—and throws her dress or bonnet down on a chair, will make a poor wife in nine cases out of ten. If the world could see how a girl keeps her dressing room, many unhappy marriages would be saved.—'Christian at Work.'

Selected Recipes.

Chinese Fish.—Put one pound of halibut in a deep frying pan with a stalk of celery, a sprig of parsley and a slice of onion. Simmer till white and firm. Remove from the water, drain, remove the bones and skin and break the fish into rather large flakes. Arrange the fish in shells or individual fish dishes, or on a shallow platter. Season highly with salt and pepper, and pour over it enough sweet cream to nearly cover. Boil four large potatoes, mash and season, whip well and cut into them four well beaten egg whites. Press this potato through a pastry bag and star tube, over the fish. Brush the whole with the egg yolk and put in a hot oven until browned.

Print.—To wash the summer calicos without fading put three tablespoonfuls of salt in four quarts of water; put the calico in this while the solution is hot, and leave it until it becomes cold, then wash and rinse.

Polish.—Put half a pint of turpentine in a stone jar; add a couple of ends of wax candles; place on the side of the range for fifteen or twenty minutes. Apply to either stained floors or oilcloth (while warm), and polish with a soft cloth. The result is a most brilliant and lasting polish.

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